

Which busie care draws, in the braines of men;  
Therefore thou sleepest so sound.

*Enter Portia.*

*Por.* Brutus, my Lord,

*Brut.* Portia: What means you? wherefore rise you now?  
It is not for your health, thus to commit  
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. Y haue vngently Brutus  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper  
You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse:  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd vpon me, with vngentle lookes.

I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:  
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not,  
But with an angry wafter of your hand  
Gaued signe for me to leaue you: So I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,  
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,  
Which sometime hath his hour with euery man.  
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;  
And could it worke so much vpon your shape,  
As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,  
I should not know you Brutus. Deare my Lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of griefe.

*Brut.* I am not well in health, and that is all.  
*Por.* Brutus is wife, and were he not in health,  
He would embrace the meane to come by it.

*Brut.* Why so I do: good Portia go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sicke? And is it Physicall  
To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours  
Of the danke Morning? What, is Brutus sicke?  
And will he steale out of his wholesome bed  
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?  
And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre,  
To adde vnto his sicknesse? No my Brutus,  
You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,  
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place  
Iought to know of: And vpon my knees,  
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,  
By all your vowe of Loue, and that great Vow  
Which did incorporate and make vs one,  
That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your haife  
Why you are heauy: and what men to night  
Haue had resort to you: for heere haue bene  
Some fixe or seuen, who did hide their faces  
Euen from darknesse.

*Brut.* Kneele not gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus,  
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets  
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,  
But as it were in sort, or limitation?  
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,  
And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus Harlot, not his Wife.

*Brut.* You are my true and honourable Wife,  
As deere to me, as are the ruddy dropes  
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,  
A Woman that Lord Brutus tooke to Wife:  
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman well reputed: *Caes*'s Daughter.  
Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex  
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?  
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:  
I haue made strong proofe of my Constancie,  
Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound  
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,  
And not my Husbands Secrets?

*Brut.* O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,

And by and by thy bosome shall partake

The secrets of my Heart.

All my engagements, I will contrue to thee,

All the Charractery of my sad browes:

Leaue me with hast.

*Knockes.*

*Exit Portia.*

*Enter Lucius and Ligarius.*

*Lucius*, who's that knockes.

*Luc.* Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.

*Brut.* Caius Ligarius, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how?

*Cai.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Brut.* O what a time haue you chose out braue Caius,

To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.

*Cai.* I am not sicke, if Brutus haue in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

*Brut.* Such an exploit haue I in hand *Ligarius*,

Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

*Cai.* By all the Gods that Romans bow before,

I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,

Braue Sonne, deri'd from Honourable Loines,

Thou like an Exorcist, hast coniur'd vp

My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,

And I will striue with things impossible;

Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

*Brut.* A peece of worke,

That will make sicke men whole.

*Cai.* But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?

*Brut.* That must we also. What it is my Caius,

I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,

To whom it must be done.

*Cai.* Set on your foote,

And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth

That Brutus leads me on.

*Brut.* Follow me then.

*Thunder.*

*Exeunt.*

*Thunder & Lightning.*

*Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gowne.*

*Caesar.* Nor Heauen, nor Earth,  
Haue bene at peace to night:

Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her sleepe cryed out,

Helpe, ho: They murther *Caesar*. Who's within?

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Ser.* My Lord.

*Caes.* Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,

And bring me their opinions of Success.

*Ser.* I will my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Enter Calphurnia.*

*Cal.* What mean you *Caesar*? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stirre out of your house to day.

*Caes.* *Caesar* shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,

Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see

The face of *Caesar*, they are vanished.

*Calp.*

*Calp.* *Caesar*, I neuer stood on Ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,  
Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,  
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.  
A Lionesse hath whelped in the streets,  
And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;  
Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds  
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre  
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:  
The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:  
Horses do neigh, and dying men did grone,  
And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.  
O *Caesar*, these things are beyond all vie,  
And I do feare them.

*Caes.* What can be auoyded

Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?

Yet *Caesar* shall go forth: for these Predictions

Are to the world in generall, as to *Caesar*.

*Calp.* When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seene,

The Heauens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes

*Caes.* Cowards dye many times before their deaths,

The valiant neuer taste of death but once:

Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,

It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,

Seeing that death, a necessary end

Will come, when it will come.

*Enter a Seruant.*

What say the Augurers?

*Ser.* They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.

Plucking the intrailles of an Offering forth,

They could not finde a heart within the beast.

*Caes.* The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:

*Caesar* should be a Beast without a heart

If he should stay at home to day for feare:

No *Caesar* shall not; Danger knowes full well

That *Caesar* is more dangerous then he.

We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible,

And *Caesar* shall go forth.

*Calp.* Alas my Lord,

Your wisdome is confum'd in confidence:

Donot go forth to day: Call it my feare,

That keeps you in the house, and not your owne.

Wee'l send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,

And he shall say, you are not well to day:

Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.

*Caes.* *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,

And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

*Enter Decius.*

Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

*Deci.* *Caesar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Caesar*,

I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

*Caes.* And you are come in very happy time,

To beare my greeting to the Senators,

And tell them that I will not come to day:

Cannor, is false: and that I dare not, falsly:

I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

*Calp.* Say he is sicke.

*Caes.* Shall *Caesar* send a Lye?

Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,

To be asfear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:

*Decius*, go tell them, *Caesar* will not come.

*Deci.* Most mighty *Caesar*, let me know some cause,

Left I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

*Caes.* The cause is in my Will, I will not come,

That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

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